

LIFE



MICHELIN

FRANCE ENGLAND ITALY AMERICA



In the mouth of every experienced motorist is the praise of the wonderful endurance and economy of Michelin Tires. In his eyes no other make can approach the STANDARD set

by Michelins for reliability, wear and satisfaction —the use per mile per dollar of cost.

When buying tires—don't guess. Go by the *Records*—the *Proof*.

More than half of all the cars in Europe are fitted with MICHELIN Tires, because their thrifty owners, who have had the longest experience in motoring, have *proven by actual use* that MICHELINS are the cheapest in the end.

Manufacturers equip their cars with MICHELINS in the world's big races because they *must* have tires they are *sure* of. They *know* MICHELINS will successfully withstand the most severe usage in these contests because they *always have*—far better than any others. That's why MICHELINS have not only won *all* the great races here and abroad this year, but have done so for years past, ever since motor racing began.

The statement that others are "as good as MICHELINS" is a frank *admission* that MICHELINS are the world's standard of tire quality. MICHELINS insure the same endurance and economy on light touring cars and runabouts that they give on the biggest, heaviest imported cars whose American owners almost to a man have conclusively demonstrated that they cannot afford to use others.

Don't guess, but go by the *records*—the *proof*—and you'll buy MICHELINS.

NEW YORK, 1763 Broadway
CHICAGO, 1344 Michigan Ave.
DETROIT, 247 Jefferson Ave.

MICHELIN TIRE CO. BOSTON, 895 Boylston St.
MILLTOWN, N. J. BUFFALO, 908 Main St.
DENVER, 15 East Colfax Ave. SAN FRANCISCO, 308 Van Ness Ave.



The One Oil For Your Car

No matter what style of car you own—steam or gasoline, touring car or runabout, air-cooled or water-cooled—there's a special grade of Mobiloil for it. A wonderful trouble-proof oil that lubricates most at minimum feed. Won't cause fouling of spark plugs and valves.

VACUUM MOBIL OIL

is the right oil for your car under all conditions. As a safe and scientific lubricator for every style and type of automobile engine it has no equal.

Send for Mobiloil booklet which lists every make of automobile and tells what grade of Mobiloil to use for each. It's free.

Mobiloil in barrels, and in cans with patent pouring spout, is sold by all dealers. Manufactured by

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

"AND have you music at the church?"
I asked the rural squire.

"Wall, no," said he; "can't say we hev;
Jest singin' by the choir."

—*The News.*

Useless Knowledge

A DAM and Eve had just tasted of the tree of knowledge.

"It's no fun," they mourned, "we have no parents whose grammar we can correct."

Herein they felt they had missed the chief joy.—*New York Sun.*

It All Depends

MACLYN ARBUCKLE, first of "County Chair man" fame and now the wild Western sheriff in "The Round Up," was once a real lawyer in a really wild section of Texas, where, he says, the customary morning salutation among friends was not "Fine weather, isn't it?"—but: "Wonder who's goin' ter git it to-day," the "it" being an ounce or more of lead. Nevertheless, says Maclyn (and don't spell it with a "k" unless you want to offer him his pet insult), the average "Bad Man" of the old West was far more careful than he is romantically painted.

"When I first struck that country," the actor recently declared, "I had a natural curiosity about the town's Bad Men, and, one evening, I got to asking questions of the worst of the lot. He was a hefty fellow with a soft hat, ten nicks in his gun-handle and a reputation as long as his hair.

"What would you do, Mr. Simmons?" I inquired, "if somebody called you a liar?"

"Simmons scowled fiercely.

"By word of mouth?" he demanded.

"Yes," said I, "by word of mouth."

The desperado took out his Colt and regarded it lovingly. Then he looked up at me with the most terrifying expression I have ever seen on a human countenance.

"How big a man?" he asked.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A NEW story told of F. Marion Crawford in a London paper is that he was seated at a dinner next to a loquacious lady who talked with him of the immortality of the works of certain authors no longer among the living. Said the lady to the novelist: "Have you ever written anything that will live after you have gone?" "Madam," Mr. Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."—*Argonaut.*

THEY were on their honeymoon and were climbing the Schnupfelpfenzpitzen peak, and she stood above him some twenty feet. "What ho!" he gasped. "What do you see?" "Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel!" "Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "I'll bet it's that blessed hotel bill overtaking us!" And they proceeded onward and upward.—*New Haven Register.*

DO YOU know," said Cholly, "I never had played a game of golf in my life, and when I asked the old Scotchman what was the first thing for me to do he looked at me just like this and said, 'Hoot, mon!'"

"Then what did you do?"

"I hooted, of course."—*Chicago Tribune.*

At the End of the Voyage

JONAH disembarked.

"The only trip I didn't have to tip the steward," he exclaimed.

Therewhile he regarded the whale half approvingly.—*Sun.*

WICO

Plugs are Self-Cleaning

THEY are so constructed that they cleanse themselves AUTOMATICALLY! For this reason they are more economical, more efficient, and require less care than any other plug. They have exclusive micrometer adjustment by which the spark gap can be set to a known distance—to 1-1000 of an inch. They are equipped with porcelain or mica cores and are guaranteed against porcelain breakage by heat. Price \$1.00 each. Mission oak, brass trimmed case, with orders for five or seven plugs.

Wico Inspection Lamp
Wico Charging Device
Wico Ring and Roller Timer
Volta Magneto
Witherbee Batteries
Wico Ignition Wire

Witherbee Igniter Co.

Makers of the famous
Witherbee Battery

1876 Broadway New York



It Looked Unescapable

THE barber paused in his fret-work operations. "Will you have a close shave, sir?" he asked. "It looks like it," returned the victim, moodily. "At present the odds against my getting out of this chair alive seem very heavy, indeed."—*London Globe*.

A Keen Business Man

NOAH landed on Ararat. "Fine," he cried, "a mountain and seashore resort in one."

Herewith he started to build a summer hotel.—*New York Sun*.

TWO DISTINCT FIELDS OF LIGHT

The last and *final* move forward toward perfecting a lamp for automobile use—the

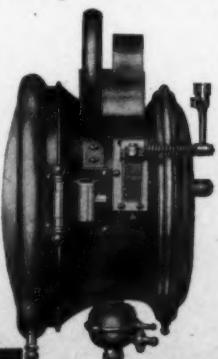
Solarclipse

scientifically solves the lighting problem. These lamps illuminate the road with two distinct fields of light; one long and one short distance ray.

The Automatic Self-Eclipsing Mechanism
which operates from the dash through means of a lever makes it possible to cut out the long-distance ray at will. The long-distance ray projected by Solarclipse Lamps penetrates the darkness for one thousand feet ahead. The short-distance ray is thrown directly in front of the car.

Complete description of the Solarclipse Lamp and Bernard System of lighting in our 1908 catalog. Sent free on request.

Badger Brass Manufacturing Co.
610 Lyman Ave.
KENOSHA, WIS.



"Firestone" Tires

"The tires of Sterling Quality."

are different from other tires—distinctly different—decidedly better—their "bitterness" lies in their durability and low mileage cost.

Equip one of your wheels with a Firestone tire—compare its quality and durability with the other tires.

We are confident the comparison will result in your equipping your car throughout with Firestone Tires.

Branches and Agencies Almost Everywhere.

Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.



How He Advertised

WIFIE: Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers.

Next day the wife read as follows in the newspapers:

"Lost—A mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

In the Future

KNICKER—So the Joneses have moved?

BOCKER: Yes, out of a runabout into a fine touring car.—*Evening Sun*.

Simply Try My Oil on Your Car —that's all I ask—do it at my expense

I make an automobile oil so pure, so good, so free from the slightest impurity, that it passes out of the cylinders in a vapor after its work is done.

It leaves no carbon, no residue of any kind—no grit.

I have used my oil—"SULLIVANOIL"—for eight years for the cylinders of my own car. It has been driven 87,000 miles—first for pleasure, now for delivering. The cylinder heads and combustion chamber are as free from carbon as when the car was new. The engine is still powerful and smooth running—it has always been perfectly lubricated, averaging one gallon for 293 miles.

I don't believe any other oil can show a record like this.

And because I know my oil and what it does so thoroughly, I say to you—

Take my oil and use it, and if it doesn't do all I say, then don't pay.

This is my offer: Simply write me and I will send you 5 gallons of my oil *prepaid*. Use one gallon and watch results. Then you will know my oil—it's the only way you can know *any* oil. Then decide. I will abide by your judgment. If you are thoroughly satisfied in every way, send me check for \$3.50 for the 5 gallons. If there is the slightest dissatisfaction, return the unused portion at *my expense* and pay me nothing. If my oil has *not* proved my claims absolutely true, then what you have used—

One Gallon is FREE

Think what this trial means to me. If my oil were not what I claim, I would soon be bankrupt.

As a matter of fact, I am building up a big business among motorists who CARE.

My oil is its own best salesman.

NOTE CAREFULLY—I know you are perhaps not accustomed to answering advertisements. If I could reach you any other way, I would. But most garages and supply houses are

more interested in profit per gallon than in the smooth running and long life of your engine. So I have to do it this way. I know your own *interest* and the interest of your car will induce you to make an exception and write for my oil. Please use your business stationery or assure me in any other convenient way that you are responsible when you write.

Please don't put it off—write NOW. Otherwise you're likely to forget. Don't.

DEPT. I

O. I. L. SULLIVAN, Maker of "SULLIVANOIL," 48 Wells Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

PALL MALL

FAIRMOUTH CIGARETTES

Ultra in quality
supreme in popular
esteem—and beyond
question the best



A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

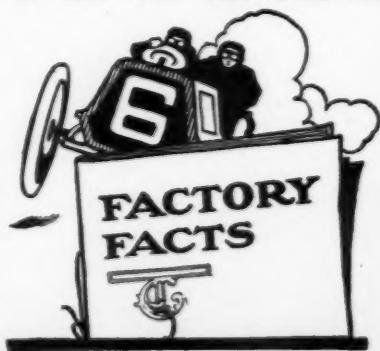
Proof against Blow-Outs

At a recent test of a Pennsylvania Tire it was proven that it will stand a pressure so great as to blow it from the rim before showing signs of injury. The clinch lets go at above the enormous strain of 600 pounds to the square inch.

The more air in a tire the less wear on it. Since the greatest pressure that can be exerted by garage or hand pumps runs from 100 to 125 lbs., you can safely travel on tires inflated to the highest available pressure if you use

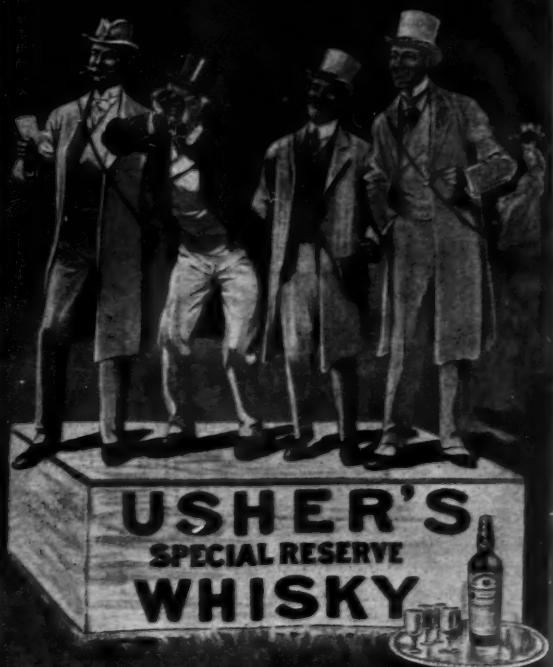
PENNSYLVANIA CLINCHER TIRES

Our testing department is seeking means of holding the tire to the rim to determine at what pressure the casing will burst—estimated at 1200 to 2000 lbs. Write for book "Factory Facts."



PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, Jeannette, Pa.
New York: 1741 Broadway Boston: 167 Oliver St. Buffalo: 717 Main St.
Chicago: 1241 Michigan Ave. San Francisco: 512-14 Mission St.
Cleveland: 2134-6 East Ninth Street. Detroit: 237 Jefferson Ave.

"They're all on the Favourite"



USHER'S
SPECIAL RESERVE
WHISKY

Dean's

Cakes and Pastries
*will add variety to
Summer Menus*

*Arrangements have been made whereby
quick deliveries of fresh cake will be
made*

EXPRESSAGE PREPAID

*to country homes, at any express point
within 300 miles of New York City.
Selected assortments, packed to keep
fresh for days, can be had at \$2.00,
\$3.00, \$5.00, \$8.00 and \$12.00.
A Booklet—Dean's Summer Sugges-
tions—explaining the idea in detail, will
be sent on request.*

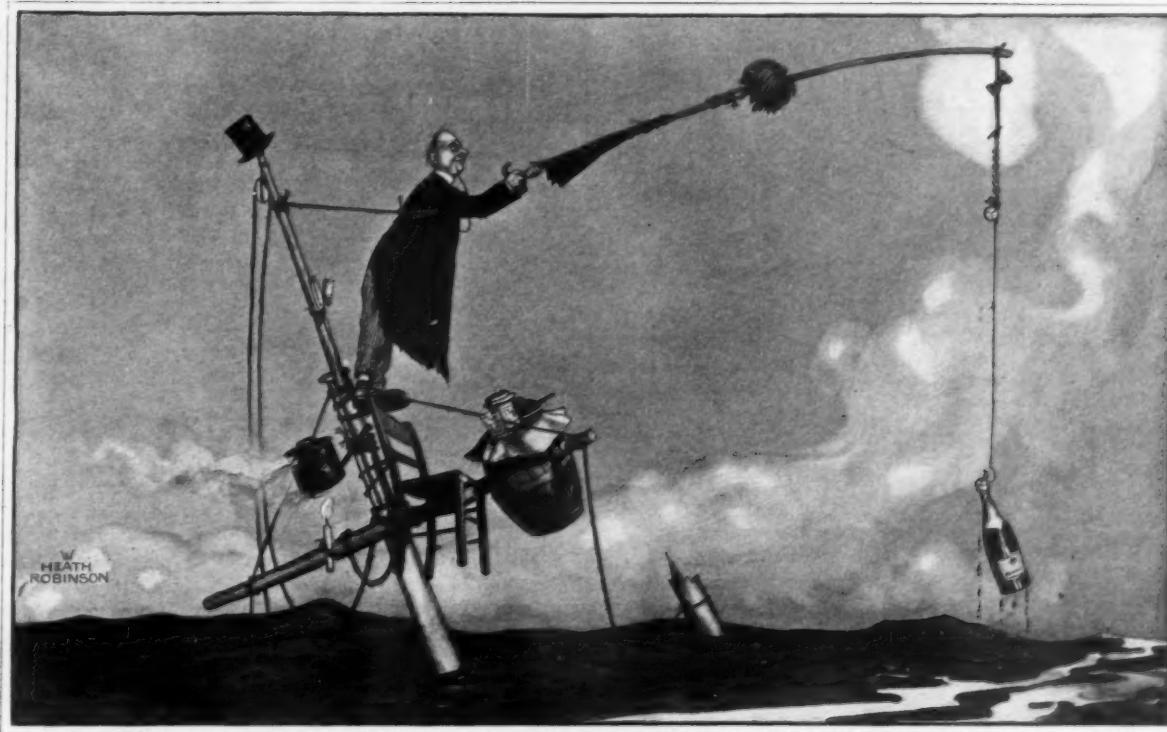
572 FIFTH AVENUE

Dean's
NEW YORK

Established 1839



LIFE



GOD HELPS THEM THAT HELP THEMSELVES.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

This picture, drawn by W. H. Robinson, London, England, was awarded a prize of \$250 in Life's contest for the best illustration of the quotation.

A Short Sketch of the Globe

(For Those Who Are "On")

FIRST, there were a number of particles that clung together.

As they swung around they formed into a ball.

The ball got protoplasm.

It then took a cold bath. Only about one-quarter of it dried off.

Crustaceans began to crustaceate.

Some one rang for ice.

A few mammoths began to loaf around.

There being plenty of choice lots, a gardener and his wife were advertised for.

Then the world had hired help.

They insisted on having Sundays off.

Their first kindergarten was arithmetic. They began to multiply.

Then the world began to collect a choice lot of second-hand nations.

History began to unroll.

The community came. Then the individual.

These two are now competing with each other. There is nothing much left over

to talk about but this interesting fact.

The individual wanted to do as he pleased.

The community wanted to do as it pleased.

One couldn't get along without the other and

One couldn't seem to get along with the other.

At present, there the matter stands, the problem being as follows:

The Community + the Individual—the Individual=

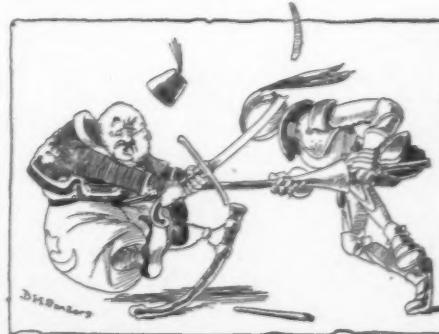
?

T. L. M.

Form of Introduction

AMERICAN PEOPLE, this is Mr. Taft. Mr. Taft, the American people. (Turning to A. P.) Mr. Taft, as you may know, is one of our most distinguished lawyers, at one time associated with Mr. Roosevelt in the administration of conduct—excuse me, I meant conduct of administration. (Turning to Taft.) The American people, as you may have heard, are interested in crops, trusts, railroads,

Wall Street, race tracks, bridge, religion, beef, iron, wine and dry goods. They like and expect to be fooled moderately, but you can get next to them all right, if you don't carry it too far. (To both.) And now, gentlemen, sit down and have something —on each other."



Here they have been belaboring one another for hours, and neither Christian nor Turk has gained the slightest ascendancy. It is the 2nd of September—ah! that accounts for it. The day and the knight are equal.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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JULY 16, 1908

No. 1342

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



SOMETHING over twenty-three million dollars of new money was given to the colleges of the country in the college year just ended. The University of Chicago got about one-fifth of it from its founder and others. A considerable part of the total sum represents legislative appropriations for the State universities. What the average annual contribution to the colleges is does not appear. Perhaps the statisticians have not figured on it yet, but inasmuch as this has been a pretty lean year, the presumption is that the colleges got less than usual.

We have been more than usually impressed in the commencement season this year with the obstreperousness of the colleges in their current demands upon the interest of the country. It seems to be a successful demand. The country has grown fast, but the colleges must have grown even faster than the country. Of late years it has been a growth, not so much in numbers as in consequence, wealth and power and leadership. Thirty years ago, for example, there was a lively interest in the college boat-races, one year especially, when six or eight colleges competed on Saratoga Lake. But since the most western college that rowed then was Cornell, it must have been an interest largely confined to the East. But the contestants last month on the Hudson included Wisconsin, and previous races have included Michigan and Annapolis, and the older colleges that competed thirty years ago and still compete are all two or three times as big as they were then, so that the interest in these sports is not only much more popular and tumultuous than it used to be, but diffused over a vastly wider extent of country.

All over the country nowadays there are strong and prosperous colleges and universities, with growing bodies of alumni, and almost all childishly interested in the institution they belonged to, for the hold that colleges get nowadays on their graduates is amazing.

More and more college associations seem to be becoming a feature of American social and even political life. The commencement season interests hundreds of thousands of people and fills the newspapers with its news and its literature. This interest is stimulated by the lively competition among the leading universities for business. That is a new thing, about which little is known to the general public.

Moreover, the influence of the colleges both in sport and in study is strong nowadays in all the secondary schools, public and private. So that between the lads that are going to college, the youth that are in college, the men who have been to college, and all the male and female relatives of all of them, the interest in colleges in this country must far exceed any concern in institutions of learning that the world has ever known before.



CURIOS and interesting to recount, there is reason to believe that hard times are healthful. Less sickness than usual is reported from the East Side of New York. Our Health Department reports an unusually low death rate and like reports come from other cities. The sale of drugs and medicines has fallen off. The business of the doctors is not especially good and trade is slack among the undertakers. This state of things may be partly due to pure food laws, and partly to the prevalence of more wholesome varieties of weather than usually obtain. Odd to say, though, there are statistics on the books that indicate that hard times and health usually go together, and that the death rate rises with increased prosperity. While this is so, it is not so incomprehensible as at first sight it may seem. Easy money means self-indulgence, and self-indulgence among the mass of the population means more to eat,

more to drink, more junketing, hazardous pleasures and general breaking out of the routine. It is only a small proportion of the population, after all, that can take its pleasure wisely and make its diversions and enlargements truly recreative and helpful to health. Where means are not restricted and all ordinary luxuries can be had for the asking, it is one of the finer arts of civilization to eat and to drink not more than one needs and so to adjust work and play that the one may be effectual and the other may conserve energy instead of exhausting it.



THE unexpected has happened. Mr. Hearst is satisfied. Just when folks began to fear that Mr. Hearst might be a bad loser, he telegraphed from London: "The result is more than satisfactory to me and I hope it will satisfy the citizens for whom that long and arduous struggle has been carried on." The result alluded to was that the recount of the votes cast for mayor showed a net gain for Hearst of 869 votes, nowhere near enough to affect the result of the election. Supplementary to that result was the refusal of Justice Lambert to indulge the Hearst lawyers in the matter of their claim that the ballot boxes were stuffed. Justice Lambert said that both sides had had every chance necessary to prove fraud and no fraud had been proven, so he told his jury to bring in a verdict for Mayor McClellan. Mr. Hearst is mighty sensible to be satisfied with that verdict. We are glad he got his recount. To the fact that Governor Hughes had the sense and the grit to insist upon his having it is to be attributed the entire collapse of his vociferous pretense that the election was not substantially fair.



THERE begins to be a concurrence of pretty substantial testimony that the times are better. If their improvement can be accelerated by main strength, we shall doubtless see the strength applied between this and October. It is the duty of every Republican to see that the elephant is fed.



NOT A "NATURE FAKER"

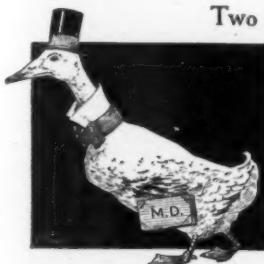
There's always one girl with an outline on board,
A monotony killer, I mean,
The sort all the men say is "perfectly good"
And the women all sniff "actormine!"



THE GROUCHY SWELL

This beautiful person won't speak to a soul,
He has a dull week on the water.
His people, you see, had bought Standard Oil
When the shares sold at two for a quarter!

Two Cures



DOBSON came home with such an awful pain in his stomach that his usual composure was considerably ruffled.

Indeed, he lost his presence of mind enough to send for his old

friend, Doctor Prester.

"Hello, old man," said the doctor, "sorry to see you in this condition."

He felt of Dobson's pulse, meanwhile, and Dobson told him briefly how he felt.

"I'm more ashamed of myself than anything else," he said, "because I never permit myself to get under the weather."

"You have an attack of indigestion. I'll give you something that will fix you right up. It's a sure thing."

While the doctor was writing out his prescription, Dobson, looking at him, said, "By the way, you don't look very well."

Prester groaned.

"I should say not," he said. "I've got

an awful pain myself. Got the same thing you have."

Dobson, full of interest, sat up in bed.

"What are you doing for it?" he asked.

"Nothing. Haven't time to doctor myself."

"Well, I'll tell you what. Let me suggest a sure thing. You give yourself mental treatment. Now don't laugh just because you're a doctor. You know the value of it just as well as I do. Lie down flat on your back, relax, and just will that pain away. It will go. Just consider what effect, in ordinary matters, the mind has over the body."

Prester smiled.

"Thanks for your advice," he said, politely. "Here's that prescription. If you want me in the morning, let me know."

He made the round of his patients, until, tired and desperate with his pain, he arrived home and threw himself on his bed.

"The worst of it is," he groaned to himself, "I know the futility of my own medicines. That's why they wouldn't do me any good. But Dobson, after all, is really a sensible chap. And in reality he is right about that mental treatment. It's at the bottom of all therapeutics."

He reflected a moment.

"Why not," he said, "try Dobson's advice?"

Thereupon he flung himself on the bed, and began to arrange his mind as his friend suggested.

* * *

The next morning Dobson, preparing to go to business, heard his telephone bell ring. It was Dr. Prester.

"How are you this morning?" said Prester.

"First rate. That stuff you gave me fixed me up. How are you?"

"Splendid. I suppose it's a confession to make, but we are old enough friends to understand each other. I tried that mental treatment of yours, and it certainly put me right."

Dobson laughed.

"I knew it would," he said, "if you only had a little faith in it. That's the main point, after all. You see, I couldn't try it on myself, because—well, to be honest, while it used to work, I sort of lost confidence in it. By the way, old man, what was that great medicine you gave me?"

Prester laughed in his turn.

"Bread pills!" he shouted back.



AT LIFE'S FARM
WATCHING THE BASEBALL GAME.

Our New System of Exercise



TRANSPORTATION in New York consists of a series of leaps, darts, jumps and scrambles.

If followed systematically and on certain well-defined lines, there is no better system of exercise.

Apply the following rules:

Developing the chest.

—Stand in the middle of the car, lift the hands above the head and hang on to the straps. Breathe regularly until tired. Then hang on ten or fifteen minutes longer, to make sure. Repeat constantly.

Muscles of back and shoulder.—Stand firmly on your feet in a crowded car, lift both hands, placing palms outward, and put them on shoulders of man in front. Give him a good steady push. He won't mind. He is used to it. This is one of our best movements.

Sprinting for wind.—Stand on one corner in an easy, careless manner. As car approaches, smile appealingly at motorman and nod. If you do this in the right way, you will get him to speed up just at the moment when you would naturally attempt to get on the car. But wait until it hurries

by, and when it is a couple of lengths ahead, then light out for it. Improves wind and legs.

General instructions.—It must be remembered that the right mental attitude, in all of these exercises, is of the utmost importance. You must put your mind on what you are doing, and you must never be in a hurry. In case you desire an all-around movement, which will act as a general tonic, with but little initiative on your part, take a flying leap and jump aboard any crowded car. Then don't do anything; let things take their course. The rolling and kneading process you will go through is just the right thing for lax muscles and tired nerves.



PUZZLE FOR ADULTS
WHAT STATE IS THIS?

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged.....	\$3,276.00
Miss Fanny A. Wickes.....	10.00
George F. Corliss.....	10.00
"The Hill Folk".....	10.41
"Bud".....	5.00
P. D. K. and E. K.	10.00
Howard Beck.....	10.00
J. F. Fraser.....	5.00
Alice B. Scudder.....	3.00
G. K. Fulagar.....	5.00
Mrs. W. Eugene Kimball.....	25.00
John Jacob Astor.....	100.00
Proceeds of tableaux given by guests of Lake Mohonk Hotel.....	88.05
Boys' Athletic Club, A. V. Donahue, Pres. {	6.00
Girls' Athletic Club, Marguerite Arnemann, Pres.	
"E. H. W.".....	5.00
	\$3,568.46

Letters from the Farm

DEAR LIZZIE:

Arrived safe and everything is O. K. We have all the milk and eggs we want and the eating is fine. I vish Irene was hear she certainly would have a good time the children are all sun burnt and Mary looks fine all ready. This is all I can say till the next time. Answer. Life's Farm, Branchville, Conn. EMMA.

LIVES FARM, Branchville, Connecticut.

Dear Mother: I am writing you a few lines hoping to find you in good helth as we are at presand thank God we arrived here safty ma it took three hower to come it was very pleasant on the train Mother.

XXX

Fan Fancies

A QUAIN'T old garden of black and gold,
A wee tea-house and stone bridge old
On my painted bit of Japan.
A background of cherry blossoms gay
And a little white road that runs away
Over the edge of the fan.

Blue and silver Japanese skies,
A quiet pool where the iris lies,
But never a maid or a man.

Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel

WE MUST do something every day that we don't want to do."

Mr. Clipper looked meaningfully at his wife. Perhaps he also looked a trifle anxious.

"Explain to me just the idea," replied Mrs. Clipper.
"Nothing simpler. We live by will alone. Now, there is a constant tendency for the will to become lax. Consequently, by doing something disagreeable —something particularly undesirable—something that will require self-control to meet and patience to overcome—why, my dear, our wills will be kept up to the mark, and we will eventually be as happy as we can expect to be."

"I see. What would you suggest?"
Clipper looked at his wife with an enforced calmness.

"Understand," he said, "it's got to be something really serious—something really worth while. It mustn't be any play—a real privation. I've already done it. You see, I was afraid you might not do the right thing—might weaken at the last moment. Your heart might fail you, you know, and"—

"What have you done?"
"Discharged Mary, the cook."

Mrs. Clipper rose up and uttered a loud cry.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Discharged Mary! The best cook we ever had. This is terrible!"

Clipper smiled triumphantly.
"That's just it!" he exclaimed. "Now's the time to be calm! Think of the good your will is getting. Control yourself! It may be hard at first, but that's just what you need. Splendid test!"



NOT FOR HIM

"What did you do it for?" sobbed Mrs. Clipper. "Oh, oh!"

She sprang up and faced him rigidly.
"And so it's your idea," she cried, "to do the thing that you don't want to do—that you shrink from doing."

"That's it, that's it! You've caught it. The harder it is the better."

"Ah!"
She grasped him by the arm.
"Very well!" she cried. "Then, sir, this evening you will take me out to the finest dinner that money can buy. You'll take me to a box at the opera. And for this, you'll get me that pin you said the other day

you couldn't afford. Don't say no. It may be hard, but you need it to develop your will. Control yourself, my dear. Think of how much good this will do you."

Clipper turned pale.

"But, my dear girl"—
"Patience! Don't be weak.
Where are you going?"—

Clipper was hurriedly buttoning up his coat.

"Don't detain me," he muttered, as he made for the door.
"I'm going to search for Mary. I'll bring her back to-night if I have to beseech her on my bended knees."

No Prospects

SYMPATHETIC LITTLE BOY:
You're awfully tired of keeping house, aren't you, mother?

MOTHER: Yes, dear.

"But there isn't even much use in dying and going to heaven, is there? Cause you'd have a mansion on your hands then."

Hell's Farm

THE ROCKEFELLER VIVISECTION FARM

A large farm in New Jersey has been purchased for the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and will be stocked with animals for purposes of vivisection.

A CONGENIAL job!
Considering his money and how he got it, there is a well-rounded harmony in the achievements of this genial patriot. Do the muffled groans of vivisected dogs bring pleasure to his kind old heart?

Mr. Rockefeller is a somewhat abnormal person; abnormal in his greed, his success, his tastes. This raising animals for torture is a singular fancy, incomprehensible to the average human. Is it the hope of his declining years to

spend happy hours in his Halls of Agony and among the guiltless, unsuspecting victims of this appalling scheme?

Mr. Rockefeller belongs to another age, a much earlier period of this world's history.

Public opinion of to-day may take a livelier interest in Hell's Farm than he anticipates.

With the recent discoveries concerning electricity and the X-rays an entirely new science has been born, To promote knowledge now it is not necessary to resort to vivisection.—*Dr. Fovasse de Courmelles, Paris, March, 1908.*

IT'S a long lovers' lane that has no yearning.

Monotonous Variety

(Provoked by a reading of two short stories in a recent magazine)

She "greeted" and he "volunteered";
 She "giggled"; he "asserted";
 She "queried" and he "lightly veered";
 She "drawled" and he "averted";
 She "scoffed," she "laughed" and she "averred";
 He "mumbled," "parried" and "demurred."

She "languidly responded"; he
 "Incautiously assented";
 Doretta "proffered lazily";
 Will "speedily invented";
 She "parried," "whispered," "bade" and "mused";
 He "urged," "acknowledged" and "refused."

She "softly added"; she "alleged";
 He "consciously invited";
 She "then corrected"; William "hedged";
 She "prettily recited";
 She "nodded," "stormed" and "acquiesced";
 He "promised," "hastened" and "confessed."

Doretta "chided"; "cautioned" Will;
 She "voiced" and he "defended";
 She "vouchsafed"; he "continued still";
 She "sneered" and he "amended";
 She "smiled," she "twitted" and she "dared";
 He "scorned," "exclaimed," "pronounced" and
 "flared."

He "waived," "believed," "explained" and "tried";
 "Commented" she; he "muttered";
 She "blushed," she "dimpled" and she "sighed";
 He "ventured" and he "stuttered";
 She "spoke," "suggested" and "pursued";
 He "pleaded," "pouted," "called" and "viewed."

* * *

O synonymous writers, ye
 Whose work is so high-pricey,
 Think ye not that variety
 May haply be too spicy?
 Meseems that in an elder day
 They had a thing or two to say.

Franklin P. Adams.

A Word of Cheer

THE optimism of the great American people is of the kind which knows no doubts and recognizes no limitations. By its help Emerson warmed up frost-bitten New England into a genial, if somewhat illusory, glow; and we have gone on ever since building harmonious theories upon statements which have no especial affinity with facts. Now Justice Brewer expands his optimistic creed until it covers the needs of a continent; until it makes equally clear the future of the race and the purposes of Heaven. "I believe," he says, "our country was destined by an Almighty Providence for the leadership of the world, not merely in a material direction, but in the character of its manly men and pure women."

Most of us get no further in the elucidation of Providence than the use of the word



"GOODNESS GRACIOUS! THIS LOOKS LIKE NEWS FROM HOME. HERE, BOY!"

"inscrutable." The old Emperor of Germany—grandfather to the present versatile sovereign—was perhaps the last man on record who believed that Heaven was partial to Germans and didn't like the French. If we really are better than our neighbors—if there is less violence, less bloodshed, less selfishness, less commercial dishonesty and political corruption in the United States than in other countries—it behooves us to be a trifle modest about our virtues. Like Elsie Dinsmore, we are "not yet perfect"; and if in fifty years we are to fulfill Justice Brewer's prophecy, and become "a power for good never before seen in the world," we might labor a bit at improving ourselves in the meantime.

Mr. Edwin Markham, author of that popular fallacy, "The Man with the Hoe," is almost as sanguine as Justice Brewer. At

a recent meeting in Carnegie Hall he read some of his own verses, calling on the audience to clear away the deadwood of civilization, abolish "blind creeds and kings" and build the world anew. But after all, creeds are comforting, and kings are not particularly in *our* way. A dozen kings, crowned, sceptered and anointed, are less injurious to us than one political boss. The worst of optimism is that it diverts our minds from salutary reflections. Tacitus, who was seldom optimistic, said that a good political constitution was a thing to be hoped for, not a thing to be had. Justice Brewer is of another way of thinking, and he knows more about constitutions than did the great historian. But perhaps there are few things and few people in this world so good that they cannot "thole a mend."

Agnes Repplier.



"YOUNG MAN, YOU SHOULD HAVE 384 KICKS CONFERRED IN THE SHADE OF YOUR COAT TAIL"

A Revolutionary Miniature

WHEN gentlemen in blue and buff
From jeweled boxes took their snuff,
With brush of frill and flick of ruff,
And bows most stately,
Upon them must this winsome maid,
Whose eyes have a celestial shade,
In satin or in flowered brocade,
Have smiled sedately.

Within her hair there hides a hint
Of gold new-fashioned from the mint;
Her curved lips wear a vermeil tint;
Her ear is tiny;
Her cheeks have just the crimson glow
That hale October loves to show
Ere flies the earliest flake of snow,
And airs are winy.

Romance!—it harbors in her face—
Her throat half hid in snowy lace;
Her head poised with patrician grace;
Her whole air sprightly;

No doubt the fan within her hand
Was far more potent in command
Than any dreaded wizard's wand,
Though brandished brightly.

Can one not fancy how she trod
The minuet? Her lightest nod
Making a gallant feel a god
At least a minute.
Or till she gave her dainty glove
Unto a rival swain in love;
Then knew the first the sting thereof—
The bitter in it!

Divine, albeit half demure,
The maiden of this miniature
Upon one's heart works such a lure
That time seems cruel!
O to have lived beneath the sun
That her adorers looked upon!
O to have wooed! O to have won
And worn this jewel!

Clinton Scollard.

Just Before

Scene: At Home.

Discovered: A husband and wife.

SHE: Dear! Do you mind helping me?

HE (all ready fifteen minutes before. He has just finished brushing his evening clothes and is now looking over the stock report in the evening paper and smoking a cigarette): What do you want?

(Her mouth full of hairpins.) "Button up this waist, will you?"

(Throwing down paper.) "Where is the maid?"

"Now, dear, you know this is her afternoon off. Hurry!"

(Getting up and walking over back of her. He takes hold of waist at top and starts on top button.)

"What's the matter with these buttons, anyway?"

(Sweetly.) "Now, don't lose patience. They slip right in if!"

"How do you suppose I can get the thing together when you're squirming like an eel?"

(Screwing her head from one side to the other, absorbed in getting her hair right.) "You can do it."

(Savagely.) "Look here! You keep still! Now, I've got to begin all over. (He starts in, his face knotted up in agony and working frantically gets three buttons in.) Now! Now! Don't move, I say! There! That's better. Hold on! I've got 'em going! Keep still! Don't you dare move! There!"

"Finished?"

"Yep."

(Standing up.) "Oh, you wretch. Don't you see?"

"What the devil is the matter now?"

"Why, don't you see, can't you see, that you've started wrong? It's all got to be done over."

"Dammit! What's the use? We'll stay at home."



Maltese: WHAT PARTY WILL YOU FAVOR IN THE APPROACHING CAMPAIGN?
Striped Cat: OH, I EXPECT TO REMAIN "ON THE FENCE," AS USUAL!

• LIFE •

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"WOODMAN, RE THAT

• LIFE •



OODMAN RE THAT TREE"

• LIFE •

In Their Earlier Years

THE Prince, who had been out hunting, suddenly came upon the castle in the forest.

He was immediately approached by the real estate agent.

"Nice place," said that individual. "Open plumbing, southern exposure, splendid ventilation. Terms reasonable."

"It looks to me," said the Prince, "as if it was a dead one, all right. Why, it's terribly out of repair. Almost as bad," he added, "as a New York hotel that's five years old. Who are the owners?"

"A beautiful young girl," said the agent, insinuatingly. "She goes with the place—all you have to do is to wake her up."

"I'll take a look around," said the Prince, carelessly.

He entered.

Everything was just as it had been one hundred years before. On the first floor, in the reception room, a party of people had been playing bridge. One was in the act of dealing. There they all sat—motionless.

In another room were a party of men. A stock ticker was in the corner. One of them was standing over it. It was evident what the others, whose faces were turned toward his, were all talking about. But they, also, were silent.

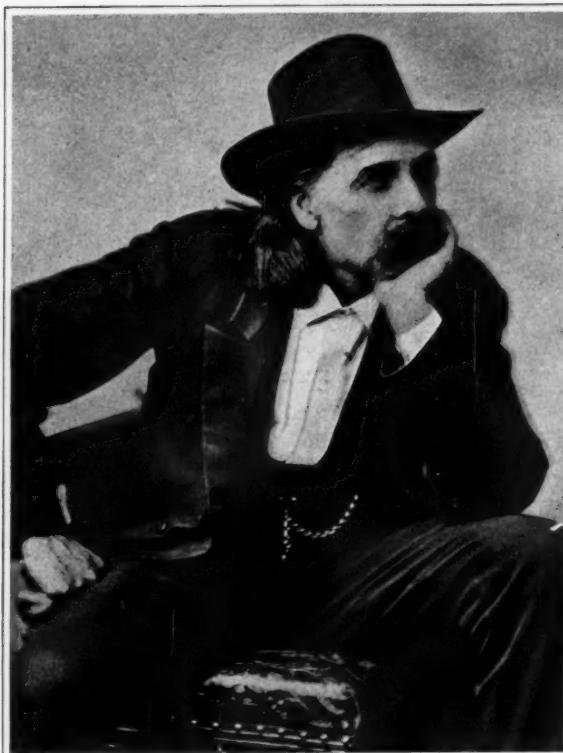
The Prince passed on through the castle. Glancing outside, he saw a chauffeur bending over a big auto, in the act of pouring gasoline into the tank. He had been standing there for a century.

On the upper floors were other silent figures—a group playing poker—another in the billiard room; silent maids in lacquered and tapistried boudoirs, bending over still more silent mistresses. Down in the great kitchen below, an army of servitors was preparing an elaborate and expensive meal. In the refrigerators, champagne and whisky—every form of alcohol—were heaped up.

"Where is she?" said the Prince.

"Right this way," said the real estate agent.

They passed into a magnificent room. There was the Princess, a rather bored expression on her face. A Merry Widow hat lay on the floor beside her. A "best seller" lay next to the hat. On the table a half finished cocktail and a cigarette were reposing. The Princess's imported



JOSH BILLINGS



MISS FAY TEMPLETON

hair, although she had plenty of her own, was lying on the dresser. A maid was

just about to put it on. All were motionless. They slept. The Prince gazed—and thought.

"Come," said the real estate agent, "you are the man. Kiss her, and she's yours for keeps."

"Will they all wake up?" asked the Prince.

"Sure."

"And everything will resume?"

"Everything will resume."

"Just as it was?"

"Exactly as it was."

The Prince turned back and shook his head.

"Old man," he said, "I'd like to oblige you, but I can't do it. I've never done any good in the world before, and here's the chance of a lifetime. I'll just let 'em go right on as they are—where they will never do any more harm." T.L.M.

Calumny Rebuked

IT IS now seen that the action of the Harvard faculty in the cases of Fish and Morgan, which was thought for some days to be detrimental to Harvard's interests at New London, affected them only so far as to make the betting odds about twice as favorable to Harvard as they should have been. Retraction is invited from calumniators who have charged that President Eliot is the enemy of Harvard sports.

BAKER: How did you find out their stock was watered?

BARKER: I dabbled in it.

A Close Beginning

MISERLY BRIDEGROOM (as the carriage moves off): Hey, there! Save that rice.

A Letter

Memorandum for LIFE

LIFE is aiming some good hard body blows at the vivisectors, and whether it lands on them or not, it is landing on its readers all right.

One reads LIFE to be entertained and amused and incidentally educated. The pictures and articles that LIFE is publishing concerning vivisection go about as well with the rest of its reading matter as a detailed description of a post-mortem examination would at the head of a bill of fare.

There are plenty of other evils besides vivisection, of longer standing and greater magnitude, that LIFE might also tackle, if it is thoroughly bent upon moderating the effect of its unusual wit and superlative humor.

Think it over.

Thanks, Doctor. We will think it over.



THE VALUE OF PHRASES.

"ALL JOIN ME IN SENDING BEST LOVE"

The Lost Gem

FROM Paradise, one day, an angel brought
A radiant gem and placed it in the hand
Of one who waited. "Cherish it. Let
naught
Its luster mar; forget it not," he said.
"Its light, now flashing, it will steadfast
shed
As thou art loyal to thy love, and true.
It is the only one will shine for you."

The mortal looked upon the glowing thing
Exultingly. A great joy filled his heart.
Like a bright dewdrop, where the sunbeams
fling
Light shafts reflected, it lay glistening there
White in its purity, surpassing fair—
The very kernel of all life, all truth,
The center of the heart of love—of youth.

As time went on the mortal's wonder died
That such a priceless gift should be his own.
He tossed it high in foolish, boyish pride,
To watch its splendid rays flame in the sun;
He felt himself of gods the favored one,
Till once, in careless mood—a fatal day—
He put it down; forgetting, let it stay.

Then did he miss the light in two gray eyes
That he was used to see, complacently.
The light that beams with Love's sublime
surprise,
That touches earth with heaven's divinity.
The jewel! Vain the search. Swift pen-
alty!
The angel's warning words remembered,
Told him the gem was gone, that love was
dead.

Josephine Wheelock.

Summer Resort Notice

BRIMSTONE LAKE—just out of Hades.
An ideal place for those wishing a
change from the more rigorous climate they
have been accustomed to.

Almost entirely free from falling cinders.
Southern exposure. Fireworks every
night.

Hot baths a specialty. Nothing but
brimstone from our own spring used.

Good society. Patronized by best sin-
ners. Expert fallen angels as waiters.

For those who have been burned to a crisp
and are worn out with being toasted, no
place could be better.

Hot firebrands served with meals.

No Alternative

MRS. H.: I hear you resigned your posi-
tion as treasurer of the "Don't
Worry" Club.

MRS. C.: Yes. No one cared whether
they paid their dues, so what was the use?

MAN proposes—God opposes.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST

WARMER TO-NIGHT.

Rev. Suspicious Jones's Eulogy of "Unc' Eefrum"



BRETHERIN AN' SISTERS: We has gathered he'ah dis ebenin' to perfo'm de las' holy wrists over our dearly bellobbed brether, Eefrum Washington Fitzhugh Custis Lee Smith, who, still full o' de vigor ob his natchul life, while perambulatin' t'ro Marsa Jim's watermelon patch, after repeated warnin' to keep out, came in fo'ceful collision wid Marsa Jim's charge ob buckshot an' was thereby pe'suaded to buy his ticket on dat fe'yboat ob gol' an' silber what sails de blue waters ob eternity into dat lan' ob ebulastin' life from which no traveler hab ebber returned—ef he done returned he ain't sayed nawthin' about it.

He wah a man o' high mental dis-sipation an' much se'f control. Only, exceptin' once, have he ebber been thwarted in his pu'pose to git what he so't his heart and soul after an'Ah reckon many a fowl in dis neighborhood have suffered de malady o' somnambulism durin' his life time. Ef dey ain't, it wan't his fault.

He surved his country mos' faithfully in 'de wo' o' de rebellun' an' was rewarded by de reception o' three pensions fo' his canine ability o' furnishin' de hungry sojurs wif fowl and game.

He was a member ob de Uebekiah Lodge 4-11-44, de exalted ruler o' dat noble o'der ob de Brotherhood of Restful Sons o' Ham.

De body will be brought he'ah d'rectly an' placed on de lef' han' side o' de chu'ch, de cong'egation will fo'm on de right han' side an' file aroun' one by one, an' take a las' lingerin' look at de dead brether, while de choir files into dey places an' sings dat national anthem, "All Coons Looks Alike to Me."

Jerome Uhl.

Coal

COAL is bought by the ton or the bucketful. When bought by the ton it is at the rate of six dollars, and by the bucketful at the rate of sixteen. That is why the poorest people have not contracted the habit of using it.

Coal furnishes heat, soot and dividends. It comes first in the form of mines, and when so many children come to work at it, why, it breaks the coal all up.

Coal is either hard or soft. At one time hard coal was used among the best people, but the laundries thought it was hurting their business, so soft coal is now used almost everywhere. Hard coal in most cases consists of equal parts of coal and slate. It also comes in the form of clinkers. Pennsylvania is the principal coal-bearing State.

It is estimated that our coal will give out in about a hundred years. But by that time most of us who are now living will probably have other means of heating up.

This Transitory World

SHE has a small waist, hasn't she?"

"Too small. Why the pleasure of getting around it only lasts about a second."

A New Field

THE announcement is made that John D. Rockefeller is writing a series of articles for a magazine which will aim not only to be instructive, but of a humorous nature. Now that Mr. Rockefeller has taken the lead, we may expect other announcements.

Mr. Taft may write on great corporations and how to reduce them.

Mr. W. J. Bryan: Voice culture. Amusing an audience with platitudes.

Andrew Carnegie: Bonds I have smiled with.

E. H. Harriman: Funny things about looting railroads. A laugh on every page.

Thomas Ryan: Juggling the Inter-Met; a jocular essay. Also insurance anecdotes. Side-splitting incidents illustrating the cheerful side of getting the best of premium payers.

H. H. Vreeland: The lighter side of our transportation system. How street railroads are humorously stripped. Not a dull line in it, etc.

As Usual

HE CLIMBED almost to the top of the ladder—and then fell off."

"What was the trouble?"

"There was a woman at the bottom of it."

LOVE makes the world stand still.



Dem. Jackass MY ONLY CHANCE FOR SUCCESS IN NOVEMBER IS MY STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO THE G. O. P.



BUGBEARS

THE GUEST WHO DRAWS DIAGRAMS ON YOUR VERY BEST TABLECLOTH

LIFE



HER INGRATITUDE

She sketched and painted up and down the river.
I rowed the boat
Where willows dip and deepening shadows quiver,
And lilies float.
Cliff, cottage, sail, and bridge and sea-sands yellow
Her studies were—
And, oh, I thought myself a lucky fellow,
Adrift—with her!

Long hours, with oars at rest, I sat and waited;
She painted on,
With now and then a smile—absorbed, elated—
Till, daylight gone,
She'd raise her eyes reluctantly and murmur,
And I—I'd only plant my feet the firmer,
And start to row.

Last night we met. Of art, she prattled sweetly
Of what she'd done
In way of summer work, accomplished neatly,
Of praises won;
But, when I shyly dared my part to mention
As oarsman true,
She vaguely smiled and said, with inattention—
"Oh, was it you?"—*The Argonaut.*

ALTERNATIVE CHOICES

"You never call anybody a liar, colonel?"
"No," said the gentleman of the old school, "I'd rather be
polite than be President!"—*Washington Herald.*

IT WAS afternoon, and thus spoke the teacher of the village school:

"Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan, the place of the Hindus. Now, can any one give me another instance?"

"Yes, sir," said the smallest boy, proudly, "I can—umbrella-stan, the place for umbrellas!"—*Newsbook.*

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ANOTHER BEGINNING

"I say, mamma," said little Tommy, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear; not always," replied his mother. "They sometimes begin with, 'My love, I have been detained at the office again to-night.'"*Philadelphia Ledger.*



Brother: THE WAY TO HELL IS PAVED WITH FLY PAPER

ANOTHER ANARCHIST

"I've got a washing machine here," began the inventor. The capitalist looked at him in the cold, calculating manner common to capitalists, and answered:

"Well, if I were you, I'd run straight home and use it." That night the Anarchist circle received another application for membership.—*Exchange.*

SUMMER PLANS

Mother says with emphasis
A poky hole she loathes;
She wants to find a bangup place
In which to sport new clothes.

Father's taste is different—
The hope within him buds
That he may find a quiet spot
Where he can wear old duds.

Sister but one thing exacts
Anywhere she goes—
She would have the place contain
A multitude of beaux.

Reconciling all the wants,
Pathways need not fork.
All they have to do is stay
In little old New York.

—*Sun.*

A SURPRISED EDITOR

"I have here," said the long-haired visitor who had wandered into the sporting editor's room by mistake, "I have here a short poem I wrote on 'Niagara Falls.'"

"Don't say?" snorted the sporting editor. "How in thunder did you keep your paper from getting wet?"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE INNOCENT SWAIN

"Millie," said the young man, as he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, "have you told your mother about this?"

"Oh, you innocent!" exclaimed Miss Millie. "Why, Clarence, mamma knew it six months before you did."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE LACK

KNICKER: There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor.

BOCKER: Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

MOTHER: Just run upstairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's night-gown.

TONY: Don't want to.

"Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back again to heaven."

"Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown."—*Exchange.*

Smith Gray

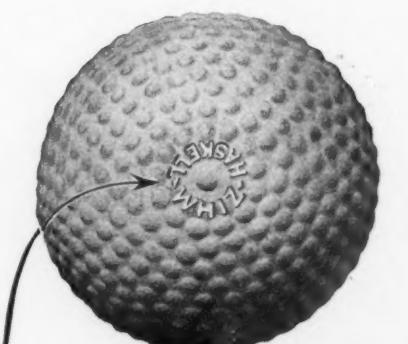
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and Motor
Wear.
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The safest, most beneficial and most satisfying of all summer drinks

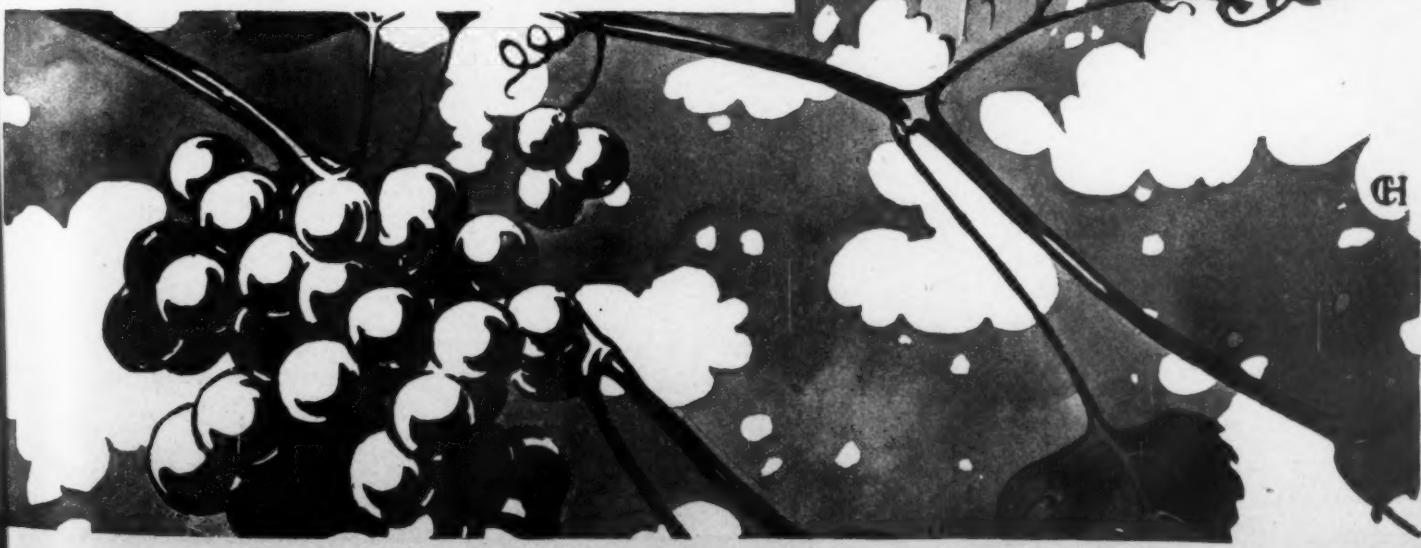
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Its purity and freedom from adulteration make it safe; its natural tonic properties stimulate the system and its mild acid flavor quenches the thirst.

A little satisfies, but a quantity does no harm. On draught at fountains; in bottles at groceries and drug stores.

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THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY, Westfield, N.Y.





BRINGING IT TO A CLIMAX

"I know what's passing in your mind," suddenly said the maiden as the habitually silent caller stared at her. "I know, too, why you are calling here night after night, appropriating my time to yourself and keeping other nice young men away. You want me to marry you, don't you?"

"I—I do!" gasped the young man.

"I thought so. Very well; I will."—*Tribune*.

THE HEIRESS ABROAD

"On your trip abroad, did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, archly, "and guess what?"

"Well?"

"One of them wanted to marry me."—*Harper's Weekly*.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Sumptuous hotels, parks, orchestras, distinguished society. One hour's ride to Lake George. Delightful vacation country illustrated in "A Summer Paradise." Send 6 cents postage, A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.

THE SILENT H

An American traveling in the underground of London between Hammersmith and Islington heard the guard call: "Ammer-smith, Ammersmith!"

Whereupon, being of a humorous turn of mind, he said to the guard:

"You have dropped something."

"What?" said the guard.

"An h," answered the American.

"Oh, never mind," retorted the guard, "I'll pick it up at His-lington."—*Travel Magazine*.

"I PAY as I go," declared the pompous citizen.

"Not while I'm running these apartments," declared the janitor; "you'll pay as you move in."—*Washington Journal*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

IN ONE of the Philadelphia public schools is a little girl pupil whose ancestors and coreligionists have ever held that the principal end and aim of the life of a woman is marriage. This little girl is well up in most of her studies, but she has an inveterate dislike of geography and it seems impossible to teach the study to her. The other day her teacher, made impatient by her seeming unwillingness to learn her geography lesson, sent to Rosie's mother a note requesting her to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next day showed no improvement, however, and the teacher asked Rosie whether she had delivered the note.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"And did your mother read the note, Rosie?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did she say?"

"My mother said that she didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' my aunt didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' you know geography and you didn't get married."—*Newspaper*.

VACATION PLANS.—Send 6 cents postage for free copy of "A Summer Paradise," 300-page illus. guide to northern resorts. A. A. Heard, G. P. A., D. & H. Co., Albany, N. Y.

A DREADFUL WOMAN

"That woman next door is really dreadful, John," said a young married woman to her husband. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She cannot get any work done, I'm sure."

"Oh," remarked the husband, "I thought she was a chatterbox. And to whom does she talk?"

"Why, my dear, to me, of course," was the reply. "She talks to me over the fence."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A FINE PAIR

"What do you think of the two candidates?" asked one elector of another during a recent contest.

"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them I'm thankful only one of them can get in."—*London Telegraph*.

"WHAT is your opinion of prosperity?"

"Well," answered the improvident man, "my opinion of prosperity is that it is something for which I am expected to give three cheers because some other fellow has it."—*Washington Star*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

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Eleven Jokes

The Original Eleven, Which Were They?

MISS AGNES REPPLIER, lecturing on "The Mission of Humor" at the Colony Club, New York, said she had been informed that there were eleven original jokes in the world. After she had said her allotted say, Mr. Joseph H. Choate arose and, gallant as ever, remarked that he was now sure there were twenty-two original jokes. Any man or woman who produces eleven original jokes in a lecture is a world wonder. With all due respect to Miss Repplier, we are inclined to think that Mr. Choate was too amiable and too receptive.

What are these eleven original, fundamental, basic jokes, not made for a parish or an occasion, necessarily human and universal? Look over the comic weeklies from the beginning of *Punch* and you will find the same lines of humorous thought, endless repetitions of a fool-born jest, ponderous elaborations of a trifle, changes of an old idea to suit time and place. The old jest books—Joe Miller's and, before his, Poggi's and Bacon—show how our predecessors anticipated us. Plutarch's "Morals" is full of jests and jocose anecdotes that are now fondly thought contemporaneous. Turn to his "Apothegms or Remarkable Sayings of Kings and Great Commanders," and you find this quip: A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. Archelaus answered: "In silence." Read "The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men," Englished by Roger Davis, A.M., and there a sage is thus reported: "In this mistake, however, I'm much of the youth's mind who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit his stepmother, adding: 'My throw is not lost, however!'" But what do you not find in Plutarch? The Rev. B. S. Lombard, of London, who stated recently that garrulity is the cause of many nervous diseases and the increasing amount of insanity, might well consult Plutarch on talkativeness. "The tautologizing babbler," says Plutarch, "is everywhere drunk—in the market place, at the theatre, in the public porticos or deambulatories, as well by night as by day."

The favorite jokes in this country have been for years based on the mother-in-law, the farmer and the summer boarder, the city boarding house, spring cleaning (and the stovepipe played an important part), the greedy goat. The mother-in-law was naturally the victim of the first jocose son-in-law, while there could be no joke about the stovepipe before the existence of the pipe. There is the cannibal missionary joke that has done yeoman's service, but it cannot be older than the appearance of the first missionary. What are the primeval eleven jokes? One of the oldest known to us begins: "Old Noah he had three sons—Shem, Ham and Japheth," but there must have been jokes before the flood. What were the eleven that were preserved in the ark? No doubt the gag about the elephant bringing his trunk was coined by some irreverent looker-on, who saw in the embarkation only food for mirth. Death by drowning was too good for him. But what jokes did Noah and his sons take with them for daily recreation? We can be sure of only one—the mother-in-law jest. Will not Miss Repplier tell to the world the other ten?—*Boston Herald*.

The Crucial Test

DO YOU consider your nerve is sufficiently steady to fit you for an airship navigator?"

"Well, I've been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

MAGISTRATE (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?

PRISONER: Yes, sir; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it.—*Tit-Bits*.

Out of the Multitude

that enjoy the Sports on land and water, thousands fatigue and weary and need the delight of cheer or the comfort of strength.

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How to Serve Grape Fruit

IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S BITTERS

The Hard-Working Plowman

"THAT'S it," said a man who had stopped in the corner grocery-store to get three and one-half pounds of granulated sugar. "I'm going home tired. I remind myself of the line:

"The plowman homeward wends his weary way."

"You mean plods his weary way," said the schoolmaster, as he went out of the door with a can of kerosene.

"He meant to quote the line that reads:

"Homeward the plowman plods his weary way," remarked the village lawyer.

"I meant to quote just what I did quote," said the first speaker, sternly:

"The weary plowman homeward plods his way."

"I understand your quotation," said a man who was sitting on a sugar-barrel, "to be:
"Weary the plowman homeward plods his way."

"Pardon me," broke in a traveling salesman for a sausage house. "If the gentleman intended to quote from Gray's Eulogy, the quotation should read:

"Homeward the weary plowman plods his way."

"Please understand," said the man with the three and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, "that I do not make mistakes in quotation. I have twice said that the line is:

"The weary plowman plods his homeward way."

"I understood you to say," observed another neighbor:

"Homeward the plowman weary plods his way."

"We may easily have been mistaken as to what he said," remarked an elderly man, "but what he undoubtedly wished to say was:

"The plowman weary homeward plods his way."

"That is not what I wished to say and not what I did say!" retorted the man with three and one-half for seventeen cents. "I said, and I will stand by it:

"Weary the plowman plods his homeward way."

"Pardon me for butting in again, gents," said the sausage drummer, "but I must insist, as before that if you would accurately quote the immortal Eulogy the line must read:

"The plowman weary plods his homeward way."

"Gen'm'n," said the village good-for-nothing, getting up from a keg of nails behind the stove, "you're rol ong—'cuse me, you're all wrong. The quotation is:

"The weary plodman homeward plows his way."

Thereupon they went their ways, every one, even to the last speaker, believing he was right.—*Youth's Companion*.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS has a "new" story. During the recent Mississippi gubernatorial campaign the Honorable Jeff Truly was one of the unsuccessful aspirants for the majority suffrage of his fellow-citizens. Prohibition doctrines figured in the struggle, and seemed very important to a Methodist minister.

"Brother Truly," said the minister, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take a drink of whisky?"

"Befo' I answer that," responded the wary Brother Truly, "I want to know whether it is an inquiry or an invitation."—*Cleveland Leader*.

A new and better way. Remove core, loosen fruit from the peel, add a teaspoonful of ABBOTT'S BITTERS to half a grape fruit and sugar to suit taste. Gives exquisite flavor and adds greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect of the fruit. Every lover of good things will enjoy grape fruit served in this manner.

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LIFE'S Matrimonial Contest

TO OUR READERS:

This is the final installment of contributions. From these, together with those already printed, the judges will award the prizes.

The announcement of the prize winners will be made in next week's LIFE.

PLEASE NOTE—On account of the great number of contributions received, it will be impossible to return the rejected manuscripts.

Men



The Editor (by folly led)
Has asked me "which I'd like to wed?"
The question in my case would be
Just which of them would marry *me*?

No. 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5
I'm plain, plump, e'en forty, so what's it to me
What kind of a husband you offer? I'd be
All ready and waiting, for weal or for woe,
I'd thank you for either—he'd suit me, I know.

No. 2
Gladly I'd let the whole world know
That I'll forget my long-nursed woe,
Through LIFE we'll reunited be—
For one of those three girls was me!

No. 1
Look out for Number One! He's mine!
Good spirits drown all woe.
To coffee grounds I most incline.
I'll settle them, you know.

No. 2
Though you're flirty, you're not thirty, and youth's the stuff appeals to me.
Though you're lazy, income hazy, just my sort you seem to be.
Not too mental, temper gentle—that has my affections led,
For I'm cranky, poor and lanky, fifty-six and not yet wed.

No. 1
To "Lively Wit" I quite incline,
And though "at home you'll seldom be,"
"Amusing talker," pray be mine;
And "boldly speculate" for me.

1-2-3-4-5
From One to Five, with all I'll wed
By each in turn to Hymen led,
Wit, wealth and gaiety be mine,
Divorce will free, when I incline.

Women

No. 4
Society girl or actress, "es mach nich's aus" to me,
Eat meals in bed, stand on your head, get nervous as can be.
Dowry light? That's all right, it causes me no woe.
I want you, just because —, also —, you know.

No. 3
Thy "rocks" have many charms for me;
Prospecting on the steep incline
Of LIFE's Divide, my task shall be
To stake a claim and work the mine.

No. 1
Apoplectic uncles linger longer when they know
That their nieces are anticipating gladness out of woe.
So conceal your inward feelings, in your "bridge" match which
is led,
So he cannot trump your aces. I'll play dummy 'till we're wed.

No. 5
Though late in line, you still shall be
First favorite in this heart of mine.
In fact, I very much incline
To hope you win LIFE's race for me

Nos. 1-2-3-4-5
"One" I love, "Two" I love, "Three" I love, I know;
"Four" I'd wed with all my heart, and "Five" for weal or woe!
You see, I cannot choose, my dears; to each girl I incline.
Come out to Salt Lake City, then, and every one be mine!

No. 3
Sweet widow, don't consider me
By sordid motives led.
Were you ten times as rich, I'd be
Ten times as glad to wed.

No. 1
If by your wit and humor led,
I might consent with you to wed,
My happiness and joy would be
Your absences from home and me.

No. 2
I'd like to ask you to wed me;
But to wed is a risk, I know.
But by your side I'd happy be;
So, I'll take you, for weal or woe.

No. 2
Engaged to three—what's that to me?
If you'll to me be wed.
I'll take you, sir, for weal or woe,
A happy pair we'll be, I know.

No. 5
O! Mr. Sport, your face looks good to me.
My thoughts to you incline.
And when the contest's o'er may be
I'll ask you to be mine.

No. 2
If Mary's Lamb you'd like to be,
By Cupid's halter led,
A loafer husband just suits me—
I'll work for two when wed.

No. 1
A lively wit, it seems to me,
A lubricant would be.
So, though no stay-at-home mine,
To coffee and repartee I incline.

No. 2
What you don't know
Will bring no woe,
So by Number Two led
I'll this negative wed.

No. 5
Two thousand a year is no fortune, I fear, but enough to induce
me to wed
The warm-hearted maid, if she isn't afraid by my wisdom and
will to be led.
When untidy or slow she'll be punished, you know, and she'll
learn what a wife ought to be.
She'll be handy to rap, or even to slap, when anything irritates me.

No. 1
Pray high, play high, bridge-it with me;
Linger, O finger, ring-digit be.
Uncle, your trunk'll closet our woe.
High ranks thy bank's deposit, I know.

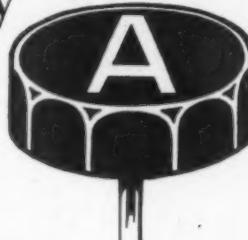
No. 1
Hail, Number One, I salute you. Also I salute LIFE and the
soul of things as they are, the periodical, the newspaper, the joke,
the pun, the ten-cent magazines and all second-class mail matter.
But let be!!!

You, Number One, you first and last I sing, you bridge-mad,
you church-mad, you foe of the open pulpit. I sing your jeweled
neck, your wonderfully coiffured hair. I sing your long, thin
fingers, deft with the cards, your arms, your feet and your other
members which are represented in LIFE's Picture Gallery. All
these are sung by me.

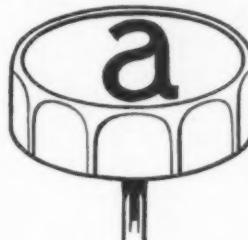
Also I sing your uncle, rich, apoplectic, red-faced, fat, with
large, red nose. I sing his huge, red nose, I sing his corporation,
but most of all I sing his riches and his apoplexy. I sing your
uncle, fit candidate for death's incline.

And so I sing you, you, niece of the uncle, the rich uncle, the
apoplectic uncle; you bridge-mad, you church-mad, but withal
you amiable. I hail you, I salute you, I bespeak you for mine.

You write capital
A by striking this
key



You write small a
by striking this key



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to write any one
of the 84 charac-
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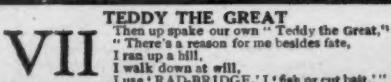


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The Disease Universal

LOVE, love, love,
Love is like a dizziness,
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his business.

—Philippines Gossip.

In Spite of the Supreme Court

COLONEL BLANK, a police magistrate of Toronto, has a local reputation for dispensing justice in his equity mill with no especial regard for the intricacies of the law. The Colonel is highly respected in the community. Every man gets equal and exact justice in his court. Sometimes the lawyers appeal from his decisions, claiming they are not based on the law as it stands on the books. The defense in a case of some moment appealed once, and kept on appealing until the court of last resort was reached. The Colonel came into his office one morning and was met by a legal friend.

"Good-morning, Colonel," said the friend; "I must congratulate your lordship this morning."

"What is the provocation?"

"Haven't you seen the morning papers? The Supreme Court has confirmed your judgment in the case of So-and-So."

"Well," the Colonel replied, as he drew off his gloves, "I still believe I'm right."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Adaptable Literature

THE book agent had spent a discouraging morning, and when he had an opportunity to scan the face of Eli Hobbs at close range he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However, he had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afternoons with your wife, this would be the very book to read aloud," he said, ingratiatingly, to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking-chair and opening the large red-covered volume.

"I don't read and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, dryly.

"Dear me!" said the book agent. "Well, if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book"—

"There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings?"—*Youth's Companion*.

A Bishop in Anger

IT IS popularly supposed that bishops possess the power of self-control in a perfect degree, but sometimes the best of them disclose the fact that, after all, they are but men.

On one occasion a certain Lord Bishop, eloquent and saintly, whose name is almost a household word in England, was preaching at the opening of a new church, and for a few days stayed at a country house in the neighborhood. This bishop was excessively fond of a game of billiards, and could hold his own on the cloth against the majority of amateurs.

During this visit his Lordship played several quiet games with his host, but one morning had a prolonged run of bad luck, which so exasperated him that at last he entirely lost his temper, and in his rage snapped the cue in two across his knee.

This mad action seemed to bring the bishop to his senses, and with profuse regrets he apologized to his host for his conduct, declaring that he would not have had it happen for the world.

But the host coolly replied:

"I must beg you, my Lord, to think no more about the matter. I am really glad that it occurred, as for many years I have been wishful to see what a bishop was like when he wanted to use bad language."—*Tit-Bits*.

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THE CLEWELL STUDIO, 1957 E. 9th St., Canton, Ohio

Are You Going To Move?

If you are, or if you have done so recently, don't forget to notify LIFE of your changed address. The Post-Office will not forward a periodical as it will a letter. Therefore each week's delay means a copy of LIFE lost. Don't wait until you have moved before you notify us. When ordering a change give the old as well as the new address. Notice must reach us by Thursday to affect the following week's issue.

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LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreux. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as *Liqueur Pères Chartreux* (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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Just June
THERE'S a moon not too obtrusive,
Sort of misty and delusive,
Frequently and opportunely hiding, way beneath the clouds;
And a maiden, sweet and pretty,
Not too solemn or too witty,
Down a country lane a-walking, free from madding, gadding
crowds,
With a youth, in love aplenty,
Probably some five-and-twenty;
And a heart that's lilting "Sweet, oh, I love you!" like a tune.
Well, the rest is very simple;
Just a sigh or two, a dimple,
And a kiss—ah, these things happen—happen when the month
is June! —*Woman's Home Companion*.

That Old Question

THERE was a man in our town, and he was quite a case,
He jumped into a bramble bush and badly scratched his
face;
Forthwith he sought a barber shop. The haughty barber said,
The while his razor he did strop, "You shave yourself sometimes, don't you?" —*Washington Herald*.

SHE: I see where a fellow married a girl on his death-bed, just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?

HE: Sure, I could love a girl like that! Where does she live? —*The Wasp*.

How Teddy, Jr., Fooled Them

THE experience of a newspaper reporter who attempted to interview Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., in his dormitory at Harvard proves this young man to be in possession of certain faculties which some day may make him a worthy successor to the "Big Stick." A writer in *The Sunday Magazine* tells the story as follows:

"Watch for a chap in glasses, with hair that sticks up, and who looks like a farmer," the city editor had directed, "and when you find him, grab him!"

Room 27 was the Roosevelt apartment, the reporter had been informed, and he beat a bold tattoo on the door. A gruff voice answered, and he stepped resolutely within. At a corner table a young man was seated writing, whose personal appearance tallied exactly with that of Theodore, Jr.

"This is easy!" was the elated thought of the reporter. "Mr. Roosevelt?" he began confidently.

The young man interrupted him with a smile. "You have made a mistake," he said, quietly. "Mr. Roosevelt's room is number 7."

The newspaper man stared.

"But you"—began the puzzled interviewer. The young man, however, had turned back in cold silence to his writing. The reporter fidgeted awkwardly and backed into the hall, swearing softly to himself.

Was that a smile lurking behind the other's glasses?

When the newspaper man located number 7 at the other end of the corridor, his knock was greeted by oppressive silence and its repetition by the janitor.

"Roosevelt?" that individual repeated. "Why he's back at 27. This room hasn't been occupied for weeks!" And then, as he caught sight of the other's scowl, "Teddy's been up to his old trick, eh? Number 7 is his favorite dodge to escape the reporters," he chuckled. "When you get back, I'll wager he'll be gone!"

He was.

"And that's the chap who looks like a farmer!" the reporter muttered in disgust, as he gloomily descended the steps. —*Literary Digest*.

Careless

MRS. GADDIE: My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off.

MRS. GOODE (*severely*): Perhaps they are not sewed on properly.

"That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing." —*Exchange*.



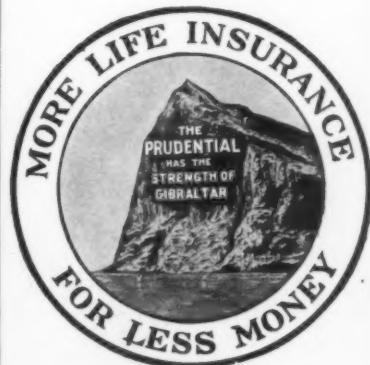
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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the
State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN
Prest.

Home Office:
NEWARK, N. J.

When the Sun is Red Hot

and you and your collar are limp
as rags; when your mouth and throat
are the only dry spots on you and you
are very, very thirsty, there's just one
thing to do—

Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK
REGISTRED

It will freshen you up—please your palate and quench
your thirst as no other liquid will.

Delicious—Refreshing—Wholesome

Thirst-Quenching

GET THE GENUINE

5c. Everywhere

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